THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

April, 1804.

MRS. FITZHERBERT.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

MARIA Fitzherbert was the daughter of Walter Smythe, Esq. of Tong Castle, Shropshire, (by Maria, late Countess of Sefton,) and was born July 26, 1756.

She married, first, Edward Weld, Esq. of Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire, a widower; and, secondly, Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq. of Swinnerton, in Staffordshire; who died in 1778.

About the latter end of the year 1785, Mrs. Fitzherbert was observed to have attracted the notice, and at length the confidence, of a VERY ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE; and rumours and surmises were frequent and various, respecting the terms on which their intimacy subsisted. That any formal marriage could have taken place, however, as was once reported, stands fully contradicted, by the public nuptials of the gentleman with another lady several years after.

Be this as it may, Mrs. F. has been, and continues to be, received as a visitor in some of the highest circles of female fashion and honour.

MEMOIR OF MRS. WHITBREAD.

[See her Portrait facing page 145]

THE charming and excellent woman who is the subject of the present memoir, is the daughter of Lord Grey of Howick, in the county of Northumberland, (whose long and successful services are too well known to require any additional testimonial from us,) and sister to the distinguished patriot who has represented that county ever since the death of the late Duke of Northumberland in the year 1786.

She was married, in the year 1788, to Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M. P. and has uniformly exhibited a model of domestic conduct, which, more than the rank she holds in society, her personal beauty, or even her mental accomplishments, has induced us to select her from amongst our fair countrywomen, to propose her as an object of imitation to the young, and to bestow a deserved encomium on her perfections. Living in affluence, and mixing much with society, she is untainted by the one or the other; and is an example that the most irreproachable purity of mind may be preserved, without any seclusion from the world.

The fruit of her happy marriage has been three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, unfortunately, died at the age of two years. The other four are living: the eldest, Elizabeth, is 12 years old.

William Henry,	9
Samuel Charles,	8
Emma Laura,	6

The zealous, though unaffected, attention bestowed upon the education of her children by Mrs. Whitbread, is the theme of admiration and applause amongst all who know her. She finds the purest source of her pleasures to be in the performance of the most sacred duties.

We have given a head of Mrs. Whitbread, taken from a very celebrated picture, painted by Mr. Hoppner, about 4 or 5 years ago; from which our readers will be at no loss to guess, that the mind we have here described, enlightens one of the loveliest women of the age.

OLD

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXVIII.

ON the education of young females of condition, both time and expence are liberally bestowed, and with what little advantage, the history of their future lives will sufficiently prove. Scarcely one of their boasted acquirements is of any use to them, as managers of domestic affairs, as wives, or mothers; and, before they can discharge any one of the relative duties with propriety and effect, they must frequently unlearn by far the greatest part of what the governess and their different masters have taught them.

But though many branches of female study may be useless, they are not to be regarded as criminal, unless when misapplied, or acquired to the exclusion of essentials. Young ladies of rank and fortune may, with great propriety, multiply their endowments as far as possible: the station which they are destined to fill, either justifies, or requires, that they should boast all the accomplishments which can confer grace on polished society; but those, on the contrary, who have no prospects in life beyond that of being amiable and useful, should limit their acquisitions to the necessary, or at least should consider the ornamental as merely subsidiary to what is of real importance.

But, whatever the rank or fortune may be, whether we are destined to run the career of grandeur, or to creep along the vale of life, unnoticed and unknown, except by our immediate connexions, there is one study which is common to us all, and equally concerns us all—I mean that of religion. Yet, by some strange and unaccountable neglect, this divine science, which alone can confer happiness here or hereafter, is left to be picked up by chance in the most fashionable seminaries of female education; and young ladies, and too frequently young gentlemen likewise,

are launched into the world, without principles to guide, restrain, or conduct them. It is well, indeed, if they do not imbibe the tenets of infidelity, which are so commonly bandied about by unreflecting ignorance, and vice, to the contamination of innocence, and, instead of being religious, if they do not issue into life, profane and blasphemous. An atheist in the hardier sex, is dangerous and disgraceful to human nature; but a female atheist is a monster of so deformed a main, as no pen can describe, no fancy can reach; yet, to the scandal of the sex, there are some degraded beings (and I will charitably hope they are but few) who renounce the promises, and despise the threats, of Christianity; and who weakly and wickedly set up their own imperfect reason, or rather the propensities of passion, as the standard of their actions. Of a woman of this infamous and impious stamp, I shall give a very brief history; and I hope the picture I mean to draw, will be sufficiently disgusting without overcharging the colours, or exceeding the modesty of truth.

Antoinette was the favorite daughter of a man of rank, equally distinguished for his vices and his irreligion. "Do what you like," was the ruling maxim of his philosophy; and the licence he assumed in principle, he was not backward in carrying into practice. Though strongly attached to this offspring of illicit love, he rather humoured her follies, than studied to form her mind. She was furnished with attendants, who profited by flattering her errors: she had masters and governesses, who taught her every accomplishment that could set off external beauty to advantage; but, as for the conduct of the passions, the duties of an accountable creature, the sense of a superior power, she was left to follow her own natural bias; and "do what you like," became the creed of the child as well as of the parent. Those eccentricities which such a system of education was adapted to encourage, even in a more sensible mind, in

Antoinette

Antoinette soon became errors of magnitude; and, as if her own country could not afford sufficient means of corrupting her principles, and contaminating her mind, she was sent to the continent, to add foreign defects to native irregularities. She returned, indeed, before she was sixteen years of age, with all the premature knowledge of the world, which a fashionable, but immoral and irreligious, education could give her; but, to sum up all in the words of the greatest of poets,

> She was bred only and completed to the taste
> Of lustful appetence.

Her father was now dead; and having left her a very ample fortune, she speedily became the object of attraction in the circles of the gay. Many young men of family and worth were seen in her train; and for a time she encouraged them all in their turn, with a coquetry which gave each reason to hope, and neither of them reason to presume, that he was singularly the object of her regard. In the busy scene of dissipation, she fluttered for a season or two, frequently approaching the verge of guilt, and protected rather by the deference paid to her fortune and connections, than by any awe that her own conduct could inspire. At last she was tired of the sameness of indiscriminate admiration, for she varied her sentiments as often as she changed her dress, and selecting one of her suitors as the particular subject of her capricious vanity, she led him a dance of attendance for several months, apparently favoring his addresses, but making him her sport whenever she had an opportunity of being amused by any young fellow who thought proper to pay her the homage of a compliment.

In a fit of whim, however, she agreed to marry the gentleman who had paid her the longest and the most marked attention. The consent of her guardians was obtained; settlements were made and signed; the wedding clothes were ready; even the wedding din-

ner was bespoke; when lo! the night previous to her intended nuptials, she fell in company with a young man of great personal beauty, and elegant manners, and, whether he made overtures to her, or she to him, is uncertain; but the event was, she eloped with him before morning, leaving her betrothed bridegroom to be laughed at by his rivals, pitied by some of his friends, and congratulated on his escape by others.

Antoinette was driven with a velocity to Gretna Green, which eluded all possibility of overtaking her; and before she could change her mind, was tied to a husband of whom she knew little more than the name, by Vulcan's priest, whose fetters seldom sit easy for any length of time. She had now leisure to reflect; but reflection was unpleasant to a woman who had bid defiance to the established laws of prudence. She felt that she was married, and that was enough to disgust her with the state. "Do what you like," again struck her wavering mind. "Why should I be bound to one, when so many are sighing for me?" cried Antoinette. From her favorite text she drew inferences that eased her conscience, which certainly was not very squeamish; but a husband is entitled to some rights, which she found it impossible to evade. In order, therefore, to regain her liberty, she agreed to sacrifice a considerable part of her fortune. Articles of separation were signed; and she was once more thrown on the world, without a protector, and without principles.

It would ill become me to enter into a nauseous detail of the irregularities which were afterwards imputed to her. She was sometimes the deceiver, and sometimes the deceived. By turns she affected prudery, by turns she was avowedly licentious. Advantage was occasionally taken of her weakness, and sometimes her baseness involved others. On a certain occasion, it was found necessary to claim the protection of the laws. Her character was so well known, that the insults of the populace were only the prelude

prelude to a just and impartial decision, which left her without redress. Even in a court of justice, she had the effrontery to avow, that she did not believe in the scriptures, and consequently her oath was not entitled to regard. During the reign of the passions, it was reasonable to conclude, from her being emancipated from religious scruples, that she suffered them to be her mistress. When these no longer claimed gratification, and even her fortune could not bribe adulation, she became a devotee. Instead of the calm and steady light of religion, she gave way to all the gloom and horrors of superstition. She veered round all the Protestant sects, but found no consolation to her wounded mind in the tenets of either. Repentance, which they all enjoined as one grand means of forgiveness and acceptance, was too bitter a draught for her to endure. She therefore sought refuge in the mire of Popery, and as confession did not awake a blush, she was ready and willing to make it, on promise of a plenary absolution. Yet she never had the happiness to taste of vital religion; and her last moments passed in the conflicts of hope and doubt, of shame, remorse, and despair.

I have seen a letter, which she wrote on her death-bed, to a young woman who had enjoyed some share of her patronage; and if it were not for the sake of some of her surviving relatives and friends, whose feelings might be wounded by a behaviour which they could not help, I should think I was performing an essential service to my young readers, by procuring a copy of it for their instruction. It would shew them that Christianity is the only support in adversity, the sweetest refuge in age; and that they who have neglected its precepts, or spurned its authority, are equally wretched, and equally contemptible.

TO

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

My good Madam,

I AM a young man, of sober manners, and a bachelor; but, did my situation permit me to exchange that character for the more pleasant one of a married man, I should think myself happy beyond the power of language to describe. At present, however, I see no prospect before me, but a continuation of my present solitary condition. You will allow, when I have described my situation in life, that it is perfectly natural for me to seek the company of your charming sex, when any opportunity presents itself for spending a few moments in society. I reside in a small market town, where most of my own age and sex spend their evenings in dissipation; and are characters with whom I do not choose to associate, because, having taken no pains to improve their understandings, their conversation is insipid to one who is not fond of either cards or wine. After having been closely confined during the day, in an employment which requires intense thought, recreation of some kind seems absolutely necessary, to recruit the exhausted spirits, and restore that cheerfulness so essential to health and comfort; and I find no recreation so pleasing as the company of amiable women. From this arises the occasion of my now addressing you; and which is, I think, a real evil in society. I have felt, as well as many others of my sex, the unpleasant effects of a mistake people often fall into, if an unmarried man is frequently observed to visit at a house where there are young ladies: all their acquaintances put it down as certain that he is the *lover* of one or other of them; and should there be one superior to the rest, either for personal or mental accomplishments, so that he cannot help paying her more attention than her sisters, she is immediately fixed upon as the favorite lady, and told so by all her friends; till

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at length she begins to think herself, it must be as she is told; and being thus prejudiced, she is prepared to interpret every trifling attention (the effect of mere friendship) to intentions of a very different kind; and the gentleman is, unknown to himself, expected to marry a lady he only visited as a *friend*.

It has always appeared to me extraordinary, that any young lady should suppose a man is her lover, and has an intention of marrying her, unless he has actually conversed with herself or her friends on the subject; and till lately I thought your sex did not construe the attentions and civilities of a friend, into intentions totally *different*. Pray, dear Madam, what was the custom in your younger days? Did ladies think every man intended to marry them, who treated them with civility, and behaved to them with friendship and politeness? I am very sorry to be deprived of the company of an amiable woman, lest she should become unhappy on my account; and I should have the character of a *male coquet*, or a *general lover*. It is true, I am fond of the ladies in general; yet, at the same time, would, if my circumstances permitted, most gladly join that valuable class of society who are honored by the names of *husband* and *father*. My present request, and the purport of this letter, is, to beg, that you would be kind enough to give your advice to young ladies on the subject of their thinking a man is their *lover*, before he has told them so. From a matron, such advice would be much better received, and attended to, than from a young man; and by this kind and benevolent action, you will confer a lasting obligation on,

Dear Madam,
Your most obedient,
PHILANDER.

Evesham,
Feb. 25th, 1804.

SELECT SENTENCES.

NO. IV.

CONTENT is most certainly the surest source of internal happiness: it not only reconciles a person to himself, but also to those with whom he converses. To use Shakespeare's phrase, it is the "chief nourisher in life's feast:" when giddy mirth and noise have subsided, this keeps an equal tenor: and if it never rises very high, it has at least this advantage, that it does not ebb so low as to leave shoals and rocks discovered.

As the limbs acquire strength and firmness by exercise, the soul gains fortitude and resolution, from the necessity that compels it to act, and to endure.

How often do we hear, when a circle of FRIENDS are talking over the misfortunes of some poor sufferer, those who affect compassion, answered by others, of a less gentle disposition, with, "how can one pity a person who has brought their misfortune on themselves?" Ah! surely, where self-reproach is added to misery, it embitters every pang.

> I would not wish to live to know that hour,
> When I could think upon a dear friend dead,
> And weep not.

Nothing so much blunts the sense of misery, as the activity of humanity.

Mirth may properly be called an Aurora Borealis; whereas good humour, like a fixed star, sheds a constant stream of light, which, if it does not dazzle, has at all times a chearing influence. If good humour has this advantage annexed to it, discontent must certainly be attended with many poignant inconveniences: in the same proportion that ease endears and enlivens our days, its reverse must bring each morn on, in a turbulence of clouds: the spirits are perpetually sinking, and "all the uses of the world," as the Poet has it, "seem weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable."

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The Supreme Disposer of events has commanded delight and profit to walk hand in hand through his ample creation; making all things so perfectly pleasing, as if beauty was their only end; yet all things so eminently serviceable, as if usefulness had been their only design. And as a most winning invitation to our gratitude, he has rendered man the centre, in which all the emanations of his beneficence, diffused through this terrestrial system, finally terminate.

Never quit your hope: Hope is often better than enjoyment: As it is commonly the effect of youth, so it often causes a renewal of it. It is certainly a pleasant and healthy passion. A hopeless person is deserted by himself; and he who forsakes himself, is soon forsaken by his friends and his fortune.

EDWIN.

THE NATURAL CHARMS OF FEMALE CHARACTERS CONTRASTED.

WHEN we see a female character that we admire, we think it perfect; and therefore too frequently conclude, that every different character is imperfect. But ought we to allow a variety of beauty almost equally striking in the art of the greatest painters, and refuse it to the infinity of Nature! How different from lovely Henrietta is the beloved Harriet! In Henrietta, Nature has displayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant softness of female propriety. In Harriet, she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontrolled, yet blameless, freedom. Harriet has something original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not easily defined; to know her, and to love her, is the same thing; but you cannot know her by description. Her person is rather touching than majestic; her features more expressive than regular; and her manner pleases rather because it is restrained by no rule, than be-

cause it is conformable to any that custom has established. Henrietta puts you in mind of the most perfect music that can be composed; Harriet, of the wild sweetness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Henrietta reminds you of a lovely young queen; Harriet, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Henrietta you admire the decency of the Graces; in Harriet, the attractive sweetness of the Loves. Artless sensibility, wild native feminine gaiety, and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange characteristics of Harriet. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish than increase, rather to hide than adorn: and while Henrietta charms you with the choice of her dress, Harriet enchants you by the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which Nature has manifested in Henrietta and Harriet! yet while she has, in this contrariety, shewn the extent of her power to please, she has also proved, that truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never possessed in an higher degree than they are possessed by Harriet; she is just as attentive to the interest of others as she is negligent of her own; and though she could submit to any misfortune that could befal herself, yet she hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does Harriet unite the strongest sensibility, and the most lively gaiety; and both are expressed with the most bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Henrietta inspires a reverence, that keeps you at a respectful, yet admiring distance, Harriet excites the most ardent, yet elegant desire. Henrietta reminds you of the dignity of Diana; Harriet of the attractive sensibility of Calisto: Henrietta almost elevates you to the sensibility of angels; Harriet delights you with the loveliest idea of woman.

A.

OSBORNE FITZROY:

A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. III.

[Continued from page 168.]

"Yes, yes, I grant the sons of earth
"Are doom'd to sorrow from their birth.
"We all of troubles have our share;
"But say—is yours without compare?
"BEATTIE"

THE natural tincture of melancholy that shaded the temper of Monmouth, was increased by an event of a most calamitous nature. The gallant, ill-fated Lord Edmund fell in battle; and his son mourned his loss with the feelings of a truly susceptible soul. With respect to pecuniary matters, he had little to concern him; for, by a will which Lord Edmund had made previous to his departure, deposited in the hands of the Duke, Monmouth was amply provided for. Drelingforth was empowered to act as his sole guardian during his minority: at the expiration of which, he was left to the enjoyment of his patrimony unconditionally. The Duke was soon disgusted with the sadness which now generally prevailed in the castle: for though Margaretta cautiously avoided any expression of grief, he could not but observe, that she felt emotions which it cost her much trouble to conceal. He therefore issued orders for his family to remove to London; alledging, that society would restore their chearfulness, and divert his ward from that sorrow which preyed upon his mind, and threatened to impair his constitution. Though Margaretta readily penetrated the selfishness of his motive, she yet prepared to obey; and in the business of such arrangements, Osborne was awhile forgotten.

It was now that the Duke fully explained his plans, of which he had before only given casual intimation to Monmouth; expatiating largely on the affection his

daughter entertained for him. "It is not my intention," added his Grace, "to be precipitate in this business: I know I can trust to your honour, when once you consider yourself engaged: and as Henry will commence his continental tour very soon, it will be pleasing to me if you accompany him. It is unnecessary for me to suggest to you, how much more advantageously I might have disposed of my daughter; but trust you have sufficient candour to acknowledge my liberality in bestowing her upon you." Monmouth slightly inclined his head: his pride was severely wounded by the ostentatious manner in which the Duke had made known his intentions; and though his sincere regard for the amiable Alexina prevented his starting any objections, he resolved to let the Duke see that he was not without suspicions, that his fortune would be no inconsiderable addition to the family stock. In fact, the Duke played high: the Marquis del Varino was a professed gambler; and being equally unfortunate with Drelingforth, made no scruple to use the privilege of a confidential friend, and solicit frequent loans, which were rather placed to the account of hush-money than debts of honor. The visible partiality of the beautiful and ingenuous Alexina was highly gratifying to Monmouth; and he suffered no opportunity to escape, of rendering himself more pleasing in her eyes; while, with the happiest innocence, she distinguished him on every occasion, from the crowd of fashionable admirers who surrounded her when in London. Happy was the Duchess when her capricious Lord, satiated with the gaities of the town, consented to return. All the humble tenants of the estate greeted the arrival of their indulgent benefactress. Nor was that excellent woman unmindful of any, however lowly their station, who were in her eyes deserving claimants of her bounty. Her generous heart knew no greater joy, than that of alleviating their embarrassments; and every eye contemplated with rapture, a form which

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derived grace and loveliness from the emanations of virtue. Far different were the sensations of the Duke, and of those who beheld him. That keen observer of mankind, Dr. Johnson, says, "Every one must, in the walks of life, have met with men, of whom all speak with censure, though they are not charged with any vice; and whom none can be persuaded to love, though a reason can scarcely be assigned why they should be hated." Such was the general estimation in which Drelingforth was held; though his own self-importance rendered the loss of public approbation, a privation he considered of little consequence.

As the period of the young mens' departure drew near, Monmouth changed materially in his manners: he grew formal, and abstracted; seemed to court solitude more than ever; and even shunned the society of his friend Atholston. He paid assiduous and tender attentions to lady Alexina; yet he seemed anxious to begin their intended tour, and frequently chid Henry for his tardiness, in not settling his affairs. Atholston, on his side, was in no hurry to depart: he was the declared lover of lady Georgiana, and his parents highly approved of the growing attachment.

The morning previous to the departure of the two young friends, Henry, instead of accompanying the Duke to his library, as was usual with him after breakfast, strolled over to the cottage of Mrs. Fitzroy: he had not been there hitherto; but the Duchess had given him permission to call occasionally, and make enquiry concerning the welfare of the fair tenants. Being this morning in a sportive mood, he tripped gaily on: The door seemed to fly open at his touch; but the start which Mrs. Fitzroy gave at his abrupt entrance, was attributed, by him, to a very different cause from that which really agitated her: for, on a bench at the farther end of the room, he beheld Monmouth in earnest conversation with Osborne. Atholston bowed with an embarrassed air, which Monmouth returned playfully, but with equal confusion: then

taking the chair proffered him by Mrs. Fitzroy, he entered into a sort of common-place chat with her, while his eye was fixed inquisitively upon Monmouth and Osborne. "This visit is an unexpected honor, my Lord," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "No doubt, Madam," returned Atholston, with the first sneer which ever deformed his fine features. "I did not know you had company." Mrs. Fitzroy looked rather chagrined. "Then you did not come with the intention of meeting your friend, my Lord?" "I was entirely ignorant of his being here, I assure you: but as you are, no doubt, acquainted (and he glanced at Monmouth) of the shortness of my stay in England, you can scarcely wonder that I am anxious to carry with me your good wishes." "I protest, my Lord," cried Osborne, "you came with the same intention as Mr. Grafton; for he also politely thought an apology necessary, while the obligation was entirely on our side." Monmouth bowed. So did the Marquis, yet profoundly, to hide the laugh he could not suppress at this oblique insinuation. Grafton, thinking it his turn to say something for himself, returned, "Our obligations to you, Miss Fitzroy, are great; and expression fails, when we attempt to acknowledge them; yet you may believe our hearts are not unmindful of the debt." The Marquis bit his lips, and turning to Monmouth, replied, "Were it not for the *peculiar* situation of affairs, Grafton, I should be inclined to quarrel with you, for pretending to love my sister better than I do: but as it is, I can forgive you. You have got the start of me in expressions of gratitude; but we are brothers, you know, Monmouth." "True!" said Grafton, thoughtfully; and he then rose to go, in an abrupt, hasty manner. Atholston rose also. He saluted the hand of Mrs. Fitzroy with much gallantry, which ceremony he would have repeated to Osborne; but she drew hers away, in a manner half playful, and half reprehensive; saying, "your Lordship's condescension is highly flattering. Convey our warmest acknowledgments

knowledgments to the amiable Duchess; and believe our wishes for your prosperity and happiness, are uttered with heartfelt sincerity. Mr. Grafton, will you think our good wishes worth acceptance?" Monmouth, who was taking leave of Mrs. Fitzroy, gave her an expressive look, but spoke not: and the Marquis stammering out a parting compliment, seized the arm of his friend, and hurried away. "So," cried he, when they had proceeded a few paces from the cottage, "you have been making love to this 'Belle Sauvage!' Really, Monmouth, you have gallantry enough for a philosopher." "And you, Marquis," retorted Monmouth, "have assurance sufficient for a peer." "Commoners are not deficient in that point," retorted Atholston, with asperity: then his natural good humour returning, he added, "Love is a mischief-making brat; and Jealousy a spiteful, squinting gipsey. Now do I see they would fain set us quarrelling; but with my good will they never shall. Yet tell me, Grafton, with the sincerity of a friend, what are your intentions towards my sister? For, by heaven," and he raised his voice, "I will not permit even the man dearest to me on earth to trifle with her." "Moderate your impetuosity, Marquis," said Monmouth, gravely: "I am the last man on earth whom you should suspect of such baseness. My intentions respecting Lady Alexina are the same as ever; yet I would have you know, my Lord, that it will be affection for her, not fear of her brother, that shall regulate my conduct." "But this girl, Monmouth: she has charms enough to blind you." "Her attractions are dazzling, I own," said Grafton; "but they shall not seduce me from honor; nor you, I hope, from duty." "Oh," said Atholston, carelessly, "I admire her eccentricity. Lady Georgiana is so pretty a woman; but she wants that romantic outré turn so fascinating in Osborne. You I should think far less likely to be attracted by such qualities." Monmouth laughed, but made no reply; and the subject ended

in good humour. They shortly after set off for the continent, attended by Mr. Bergeux, who was recommended by the Marquis del Varino as an excellent tutor. Their absence left a painful void in the minds of the inhabitants of Clifford Castle. The Duke was wholly engrossed by Del Varino; and the Duchess, left to pursue her inclinations unmolested, determined to devote great part of her time to soothe the melancholy of Mrs. Fitzroy. For this purpose she one day, leaving the Duke and his friend over the bottle, and Alexina at her music, strolled towards the cottage, prepared to chide Osborne for her shyness, for having remained a week without calling at the Castle. But what an hour did she chuse for her intended raillery! at an hour when the kindest consolation was requisite to support her young friend under the most agonizing trial; the loss of her beloved mother. Mrs. Fitzroy was hastily approaching her last mortal scene; the retrospect of her past life was a melancholy one, and her parting spirit hovered over the spot of her earthly affections. As the Duchess approached the chamber of sickness and sorrow, sounds of lamentation struck her ear; and the voice of Mrs. Fitzroy, exerted in exhortation to Osborne, would have occasioned her to retire unseen, fearful of intruding in a moment of privacy, when a few words from Mrs. Fitzroy rivetted her to the spot." "Never, my child," cried she with earnestness, "never, as you value the peace of my few remaining moments; repeat that wish: you know how highly I prize the protection and favor of the Duchess. Would you, by your unthinking rashness, and mistaken notions of rectitude, forfeit all for ever? One word would destroy my fondest hopes. Distract me not by the avowal of an intention so replete with danger." The Duchess, bewildered in conjecture as to the meaning of this strange speech, for a moment imagined she alluded to the partiality of Osborne for one of the young men, and her heart sunk within her, least that charming girl

girl should have become the victim of the Marquis's youthful indiscretion. The reply of Osborne confirmed her in this conjecture; for, with an energetic tone, she cried, "Far be it from me to disturb your mind at this awful hour with one selfish wish; but think, I conjure you, before you finally restrict me on this subject, to what disgrace, to what inconveniencies, you would expose me, should my misfortunes be augmented by your loss. How can I act so ungrateful, so deceptive a part? Rather let me throw myself at the feet of that best of women, acknowledge all, and seek to interest her in favour of a destitute, despairing, but guiltless being." Mrs. Fitzroy paused; it was a pause of anguish, and sobs choaked her utterance, as she replied, "Spare me, Osborne, spare me these reproaches. I deserve, but did not expect them from you. Can you blame me, if, while yet a faint hope of prolonged existence was afforded, I forbore to distress you, by a recapitulation of circumstances which might degrade me in your eyes? Your infant years was no time for such confidence; and of late I have too anxiously dreaded the effects of your impetuosity; nor dare I yet withdraw the veil of mystery which obscures your fate. I would cherish the delightful gratification of believing, that your first tears for my loss will be unmixed with a reflection, which could wound my feelings if living. One thing I will confide to you." The Duchess, considering herself now a mean listener, thought proper to enter. She was convinced of the innocence of Osborne, and wished to assure her of her protection; after which she resolved to depart immediately, and leave them to the discussion of their private affairs. Osborne was kneeling beside the bed, with her face pressed close to the cold cheek of Mrs. Fitzroy, who seemed quite exhausted. She rose as the Duchess entered, and led her to the bed. The unhappy lady strove to smile, and finding her strength fail gradually, she again addressed Osborne. "What I have been, it is now too

late to comment on. What I shall soon be, is an awful reflection to soothe my spirits at this anxious hour. You must swear to me not to divulge what you already know, till you have perused the manuscript with which I am about to entrust you. It has been written at intervals of composure; but as you value my last wish, open it not till you have attained your twentieth year, however tempted to disobey; and even then existing circumstances must teach you when discretion authorises you to make the contents public. You have an enemy living, malignant and implacable: he is nearer to you than you can imagine: guard well your secret, or all is lost. With prudence, you may be happy. Cultivate the favor of this excellent woman; she will excuse your reserve, for she will be the first with whom that reserve will be broken. Swear to me, Osborne swear!" Osborne, kneeling, took the oath exacted, with a solemnity most impressive; and Mrs. Fitzroy continued, "I have saved for you, my beloved child, by the strictest economy, sufficient to place you above the reach of want. In that ebony box all my worldly treasure is deposited. I have presumed to address the Duke in your behalf; for of the Duchess's kindness I have no doubt. Should I be unsuccessful in my application, I have yet a friend in London, to whom you will find an address, and where you may reside. I believe I have nothing material now to mention." "Dear Madam," said the Duchess, "be assured I will not neglect your child. With the Duke's permission, I will adopt her as my own. Whatever may be the mystery of her birth, I do not seek to pry into it: with me her secret shall be respected." The eyes of Mrs. Fitzroy emitted a beam of satisfaction; and grasping the hand of Margaretta, while her own trembled with the convulsive agitation of death, she drew it towards her lips, then joined it with that of Osborne; and perceiving her press it with an assuring smile, she sunk back on her pillow. Her glazed eye closed, her features underwent a total change,

change, and a few moments moulded them into those of a corpse, lovely even in death. The Duchess used her most strenuous exertions to tear Osborne from the lifeless body. Her distraction was vehement, her grief unbounded; and judging it best, at length, to let the violence of emotion have free vent, and subside by degrees, she quitted the cottage; telling the servant she should come, or send, in the evening, for Osborne. At her return, she communicated to the Duke the recent event, and requested permission to receive the orphan under her own care; enforcing her persuasions with all the energy of benevolence and liberality. These had little influence upon the Duke; yet he heard her with unusual attention; and often repeated hastily, "Poor woman!" and when she presented the letter from Mrs. Fitzroy, he hastily pushed it from him, and said, "No, no; I have nothing to say: do as you please." Then, as if recollecting himself, he took the letter, saying peevishly, "Let me see: what can the woman want of me?" He perused the contents with some apparent emotion; but made no comment, only observing, as he quitted the room, "I have no objection; the girl may come." Osborne meanwhile spent the day in lamentation; nor till the return of the Duchess, bestowed a thought on her future fate. Margaretta made her exert herself. Many necessary offices yet were to be performed. The ebony box was inspected: a sealed packet was held sacred; and the little fortune of Osborne was found to consist of about nine hundred pounds, besides some valuable trinkets. The Duchess then putting her seal upon the effects, compelled her to accompany her back to the Castle; previously cautioning her to observe a total silence respecting the packet, and to shun, as much as she possibly could, any appearance of mystery, which might but excite impertinent and dangerous curiosity. Duncan led a horse for Osborne, and to his care the valuable box was entrusted. The grief of the unhappy girl seemed

ed rather the ebullitions of an affectionate heart, than the clamorous lamentations of selfish regret; unlike many who imagine they pay respect to the memory of a deceased relation, while they are, in reality, but bewailing the loss themselves have sustained in respect to temporal advantages. The tenderness of the Duchess was to Osborne almost a compensation for a deprivation ordained by Providence; and she looked up to her with affection, veneration, and delight, as a second parent: the attentions of Alexina were those of a sister; and the obdurate temper of the Duke seemed to relax considerably in her favor. Del Varino alone appeared dissatisfied; he often regarded her with scrutinizing attention, extremely embarrassing. By degrees, this marked observation wore off: he again became sociable and insinuating: but Osborne felt a disgust at his presence, she was unable to account for, and which she blamed herself for encouraging. As is usual with young minds, the sadness of Osborne gradually wore off, after the last sad duties had been performed to the remains of her mother. The fascinating manners of Lady Alexina inspired her with admiration and chearfulness: she shared the instructions of her masters in every branch of fashionable education, and made rapid improvement. The Duke, with unprecedented liberality, would make no deduction for her maintenance; and her fortune was consequently placed in the funds, to accumulate, while he voluntarily allowed her every advantage possessed by lady Alexina. Thus six months flew with rapidity; and approaching winter again hurried the Duke and his family to town. Osborne felt delighted at the thought of visiting the metropolis in the style of living to which she had lately been accustomed, and as ambition held great sway in her disposition, it gradually wore away impressions of a more sombre nature. Her temper was naturally chearful; her spirits exuberent, when raised; and as early prejudices are difficult to eradicate, it is not

wonderful

wonderful that she should be pleased to *astonish*, and affect to despise mediocrity, in any particular. Her personal attractions, singularity of manner, and respectable patronage, protected her from censure, and procured her a number of admirers; while the envy of her own sex was universally excited. No doubt was entertained that she was a rich heiress; and as the Duchess, partial to excess, spared no expence or indulgence, Osborne was gratified in every wish of her heart. Even the attractive, accomplished Alexina seemed to shrink before the dazzling qualifications of her companion: but she was a stranger to jealousy; and her love for Osborne was so sincere, that she delighted to see her friend obtain that applause she was herself unambitious of; while Osborne frequently strove to dispel her timidity, and inspire her with emulation: but while the former adhered only to those branches of education which were truly feminine, the latter, with more comprehensive talents, and enterprising spirit, aimed at more various acquisitions, and excelled in whatever she undertook. She played the harp with skill and grace; the tambourine with a dexterity unequalled. Her voice was powerful and melodious. She drove the Duke's four bays with courageous intrepidity; and could converse in several languages with tolerable correctness. Her most assiduous suitor was Sir Lionel Stakewell, a gay handsome man of ton; and she rallied his addresses with the finesse of a woman trained in the school of coquetry. Sir Lionel, jockied, betted, or danced, with her, on every occasion; and flattered himself, his fine person, and ample fortune, must meet with a ready acceptance. Money was no object with him, as he had sufficient of his own: but a dashing wife, which all his comrades would covet, was the only desirable good he could sigh for. Pride superseded affection; and Osborne seemed formed by the gods to suit his fancy. But while she seemed flattered by his notice, she yet declined any serious engagement, even

even though he professed himself willing to wait her own time. The Baronet, nevertheless, had too high an opinion of himself to be readily discouraged. The Duke eagerly sanctioned his addresses; and once, in a peremptory tone, demanded her reasons for refusing a person so eligible in every respect, so much above her expectations, and whose taste and pursuits seemed so congenial with her own. "Perhaps, my Lord," said Osborne, "that might be my very motive: for while both are thoughtless, both extravagant, we could have little domestic felicity; a particular I could not so readily overlook, perhaps, as your Grace." This was said with a look which implied a double meaning; and the Duke, though dissatisfied with her conduct in many respects, not wishing to provoke her ready wit, changed his manner, and calmly persuaded: but to this she replied, "My Lord, I am gay and volatile; yet I have my serious moments, and too often engage in dissipation to banish reflection. Were I disposed to marry, Sir Lionel is the last man to whom I would willingly give my hand. As it is, I have no wish to change my situation, especially while I can remain in your family without being considered an obtrusive burthen." The Duke could make no satisfactory answer to this, and the subject was for that time dropped.

(To be continued.)

A HAPPY TURN.

DURING the late French war in Italy, a soldier, being almost naked, had the confidence to ask his Commandant for a new coat. "A new Coat!" exclaimed the General: "surely, my good fellow, you are not aware that a new coat would quite conceal your honorable wounds!"

AUGUSTUS.

AUGUSTUS;

OR,

THE CONSEQUENCES OF CREDULITY.

IT has been observed by that celebrated and admired writer, Dr. Blair, "that at that period of life, when men most require the aid of wisdom and experience, they are the least inclined to be biassed by their counsel; and with a confidence, which too frequently leads to destruction, impetuously follow the currents of their passions, in spite of the warnings of friendship, and the persuasions of reason."

The justice of these remarks were never more completely verified, than in the conduct of a young man to whom I am distantly allied, and who, upon the death of his father, was left under my protection at the age of fifteen. Nature had bestowed upon this youth (whom I shall merely call Augustus) a susceptible heart, and an ingenuous mind; but there was a propensity to credulity in his disposition, and a want of penetration in his understanding, that frequently gave me the most serious concern. It was in vain that I pointed out the allurements of the designing, or the snares which the artful continually spread, for the purpose of catching the young and inexperienced; for all mankind were, in his opinion, exactly what they appeared. Various were the difficulties which this credulity led him into, but it was impossible even for the power of experience to make him wise; and I could not help looking forward to that period when his fate was to be decided, with apprehension; conceiving that the future welfare of a young man depends in a great measure upon his choice of a wife.

Upon this subject, Augustus used to expatiate with that enthusiastic rapture so natural to a susceptible mind; and I experienced a thousand alarms least, with such a disposition, this amiable young

man should make an improper choice. From the time of his being placed under my protection, I anticipated the hope of uniting him to the daughter of a friend; for I discovered all those requisites in her character which are necessary to render the conjugal state completely blest. Matilda Marlborough was the daughter of a doctor of divinity, who lost his wife when this deserving and lovely girl was about sixteen; from that period she had entirely conducted the domestic concerns of her father's family, and actually prevented the younger children from feeling the loss they had sustained; and all the cheerfulness of youth was united with the propriety of womanhood. Nature had bestowed upon her an excellent understanding, which education had improved; and though she was universally admired by the other sex, she was generally esteemed and beloved by her own. Never did I hear Matilda follow the dangerous practice of too many females; never did she amuse herself by depreciating the merits of those she heard admired; but, on the contrary, if in her presence she heard the absent censured, she was the advocate who warmly espoused their cause.

As I know there is a perversity in human nature, particularly in the youthful part of it, I determined not to make Augustus acquainted with my views, resolving not to introduce him to Matilda, until there was a probability of her making an impression upon his heart. With regard to early marriages, much has been said both *for* and *against* them, but I confess myself to be a convert to * Dr. Franklin's remarks; and of all the young men I had ever been acquainted with, I thought my ward was the one who ought to make an early choice. Without entering into all the Doctor's learned disquisitions upon the subject, I shall merely say, that where strong *passions*, and strong *feelings*, are *combined*, early marriages certainly

* See Dr. Franklin's Essay upon early Marriages.

tainly are advisable, as they generally prove preventatives to vice.

A few months before my protégee was to take possession of his fortune, and I was to resign into his hands the trusts which had been committed to my care, I proposed that he should accompany me into Devonshire, for the pleasure of passing a month with my friends. Though Augustus did not make any objection to this proposal, I perceived that it did not accord with his plans; I therefore informed him he would see one of the most lovely young women that he ever beheld.—"That, my dear Sir, (said he,) will never make me feel anxious for the journey; my heart, I assure you, will defy the power of female charms; for, to acknowledge a truth I have long wished to make you acquainted with, *my affections* are no longer at my command."

"Allow me to enquire into whose hands you have relinquished your freedom, (said I:) though I should conceive that you have been rather premature in your choice; and at any rate, I think I was entitled to your *confidence*, upon an affair which must prove the *happiness* or *misery* of your life." At this remark the young man appeared visibly embarrassed; and finding he did not attempt to make any reply, I informed him, that I had only *one* request to make him, which was, that he would not enter into any engagement until after he came of age. In making this request I was actuated by two motives. I flattered myself that when he once became acquainted with Matilda Marlborough, she would erase the image of the present favourite from his mind; or, at any rate, it would afford me an opportunity of making enquiries about her, and discovering whether she was likely to make him an amiable wife. Who the lady was, it was impossible for me even to conjecture, as Augustus spent the greater part of his time at College, and I lived entirely at my country seat; but I resolved immediately to write to his tutor, as I thought it probable

he might know the lady who had made an impression upon his heart.

As I found my ward was not inclined to act with his usual confidence towards me, and observed that my observations appeared to give him pain, I immediately turned the conversation, merely saying, that it was my intention to set off for Devonshire in the course of a few days. As he frequently went to a neighbouring town to visit a gentleman of my acquaintance, I was not surprised to find a note upon my table on the following morning, to acquaint me he had received an invitation from him, and that he should not return until the next day. *Two*, however, elapsed before he made his appearance: on the third we commenced our intended tour; and I could not help being pained by observing that an unusual degree of dejection hung upon his mind.

Near two years had elapsed since I had seen Matilda, and during that period her charms had materially improved; in short, she struck me as a perfect masterpiece of nature, and I felt persuaded that Augustus's indifference would be converted into love. We were ushered into the room, where she was distributing biscuits and currants to her brothers and sisters: her figure, and her employment, brought Werter's Charlotte to my mind; affection and kindness gave an additional sweetness to her intelligent countenance, and I could scarcely avoid telling Augustus what a *treasure* I thought the man would be possessed of, who obtained Matilda for a *wife*. I had previously, however, determined not even to ask his opinion of my young favourite: a fortnight elapsed without his even mentioning her name; though I observed the pleasure with which he listened to her conversation, which was at once intelligent, polished, and refined. At the end of that time, I happened to enter the drawing room, where Matilda and Augustus were sitting *tête à tête*; and I could not help fancying that both appeared a little confused. Upon

Augustus

Augustus quitting the apartment, I began rallying Matilda upon her *conquest*; when, to my utter astonishment, she burst into tears; called me unkind, for trifling with her feelings; and, to conceal her agitation, hurried out of the room.

There was something so astonishing to me in the conduct of these young people, that I resolved immediately to demand an explanation from my ward; for it was evident to every person, that he was attached to Matilda, and equally clear that he had made an impression upon her heart. As I saw him walking with hurried steps up and down the garden, I determined to follow him thither, and demand the meaning of what I had heard; when, to increase my astonishment, I perceived upon his countenance traces of tears. "Augustus, (said I, in a softened accent,) from the moment you were left under my protection, I have considered you in the light of a son; but at the same time have blended the authority of a father with the affection and freedom of a friend. Until lately, you have appeared to consider me in the light of both these tender connexions; for you intrusted me with the most secret thoughts of your heart: tell me, then, my dear fellow, by what means I have forfeited your confidence, and what is the reason I no longer possess your regard?"

"Never, my dear Sir, (he replied,) did I feel more *sensible* of your *kindness* than at the present moment; and never did I so completely want the soothing counsel of a *friend:* but, alas! I have rendered myself unworthy that blessing. I am—Oh! I am a most miserable wretch!" Tears bore testimony to the truth of this assertion, and my astonishment was augmented in proportion to his distress: I assured him of my *friendship*, demanded an explanation of his conduct, and requested him to inform me what Matilda could mean.

"Had I never beheld that angelic creature, (said he,) my delirium might have lasted a little longer; I

might not so soon have repented of not having followed your advice. No, (continued he, "*no*," in a more impassioned accent,) my last journey to Oxford might have convinced me I was miserable for life." —"Miserable! (I exclaimed:) by what step can you have rendered yourself miserable?" "By *one* (he replied) which can never be recalled: I blush with shame at informing you that *I am married*, and that I expect to be a father in the course of a few months."

Before I could reply to this mortifying piece of intelligence, the servant brought me a letter, which had just arrived by the post; and seeing, by the superscription, that it came from my young friend's tutor, I concluded that from *him* I should obtain all the intelligence I desired. I therefore turned into another walk, for the purpose of reading the letter, which was to the following effect:

"I am fearful, my dear Sir, you will accuse me of inattention to your wishes, in not having seized an earlier opportunity of imparting the intelligence you required, but until this morning I had not the power of obtaining a correct account.

"I grieve to say that your ward has acted most ungenerously by you, in forming an engagement of the most binding nature without even asking your advice; and I am still more mortified at being obliged to tell you, that it is with a young woman who must disgrace him by appearing *as his wife*. The mother of the *lady* (if I may dignify her with such an appellation) is the widow of a serjeant in the foot guards, who obtained about a thousand pounds in the lottery soon after her husband's death. As Miss unfortunately happened to be *extremely beautiful*, her mother formed the idea of marrying her to some man of rank, and with the view of accomplishing her purpose, placed her as half-boarder at some inferior school. There she acquired a smattering of those accomplishments which have proved the ruin of many girls born to an inferior state. At a proper age, she

was

was taken from the care of her governess, and introduced by her mother into the gay world; but being well known by all the officers of the guards, she thought it prudent to quit London; though report says not until the young lady had tarnished her fame. Oxford was the place in which this politic parent resolved to fix her future residence, and her house became a *lounge* for all young men of fortune and rank. Unfortunately your ward was the *one* she pitched upon; and being unsuspicious, he easily fell into the snare. They were privately married last January. The young lady consented, not to take the name of her husband until he came of age; but as it became impossible to conceal the connexion which had taken place between them, a few of their most intimate friends were made acquainted with the circumstance which had taken place; and it is from one of these that I have received the intelligence, which I assure you it gives me real concern to impart.

"That poor Augustus has been the victim of artifice and deception, cannot admit of a doubt; but the unhappiness which he has brought upon himself, I fear he must submit to, as the marriage was celebrated with all necessary forms.

"With much esteem and sincerity, I am,
Dear Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
CHARLES COX."

"Poor Augustus! (I exclaimed in a tone of pity:) he has completely verified all my fears. Infatuated boy! misery must be thy portion. How, by this stroke, hast thou blighted all my hopes!" Turning round hastily, I perceived him at my elbow. He eagerly enquired whether that letter was from Mr. Cox, and upon my answering in the affirmative, "Then (said he) I suppose every thing has been explained." "And a dreadful explanation it is, if the *report* he has heard is to be relied upon, (I replied.)

But

But I have only to hope that he may have been misinformed." Augustus then requested to see the letter I had received from him; but this, of course, I refused. Without appearing to be acquainted with the young lady's history, I enquired into the manner in which he had been introduced; and though he endeavoured to throw a lustre over her history, it was easy to discover that Mr. Cox's account was true. The circumstance which I had felt so anxious to have explained to me, was still to be cleared up; and I could not help thinking that Augustus had acted very reprehensibly, in endeavouring to win the affections of Matilda, without being able to make a return. This conduct I considered as so completely disgraceful, that I expressed my opinion in the strongest terms; but he informed me, that, though he had been struck with the personal and mental attractions of Matilda, he had never even attempted to inspire her with regard; and that fancying she felt a prepossession in his favour, he had that morning informed her that he was a *married man*. This accounted for her accusing me of *trifling* with her *feelings*, as she believed I was no stranger to the engagement which Augustus had formed; and it is impossible for me to describe the pain I experienced at the bare thought of the dear girl's suffering the slightest pain. Upon desiring Augustus to explain the cause of that anxiety with which I observed his mind was oppressed, he told me, that what he had imagined to be *affection*, he was convinced was only *passion*; but that Matilda had inspired him both with tenderness and respect. Upon my pointing out the injustice he was guilty of towards the woman to whom his faith had been solemnly plighted, he informed me that her conduct had been such as to destroy all traces of esteem; for that upon his going unexpectedly to Oxford, at one o'clock in the morning, he found her *tête à tête* with a gallant. This visit was paid just before we set out for Devonshire; and when I fancied he was staying

at

at the house of my friend, he made an excursion to Oxford, for the purpose of taking leave of his wife; and, instead of finding her employed like a second Lucretia, she was enjoying the agreeable conversation of an Oxonian, though her mother was retired to rest. A violent quarrel was the consequence of this piece of impropriety; Augustus threatened never to see her again; but she contrived completely to subdue his resentment, by the united force of tears and fits.

After mature reflection, I formed the resolution of putting the chastity of the lady to the test; and for this purpose I determined to set out for Oxford, and introduce myself to her under a *feigned name*. By way of introduction to this artful young woman's acquaintance, I conveyed a letter from my ward, who merely mentioned me as a common acquaintance whom he had accidentally met at Dr. Marlborough's house. Though there was fifteen years difference between myself and Augustus, yet, without vanity, I may say, that I am not a *bad looking* man; and as *conquest* was the motive of my journey, I was solicitous to avail myself of the aid of dress. Upon my arrival at the university, I sent for the tutor of Augustus, for the purpose of making him acquainted with my design; and he assured me there was no doubt of my succeeding, if I did but bribe the *mother* sufficiently high.

I was so anxious to put my scheme into practice, that I scarcely allowed myself time to dress; and actually felt as impatient to behold the *infatuating* fair one, as if my future happiness had been at stake. The reception I met with answered my most sanguine expectations: I pretended to be a total stranger to the place, when the beautiful Caroline immediately offered to introduce me to a gentleman who would shew me every thing that was worthy of being seen. I had learned from the landlord of the inn, that there was to be a concert and ball in the evening; I therefore prepared myself with tickets before I went, and found

found very little difficulty in persuading both mother and daughter to accompany me there. I shall not tire the patience of my readers, by describing the variety of stratagems which I practised, but merely say, that in less than a fortnight, Caroline assured me that I had for ever destroyed her peace. The constant current of our conversation turned upon the folly of the marriage ceremony, the weakness of religion, and the artifice of priests; and in these opinions both the ladies united, which convinced me that I should have no difficulty in accomplishing my views. I began to grow tired of the part I had acted, and resolved to push the business at once. For this purpose I invited Caroline to accompany me in an excursion to see some of the beautiful seats with which Oxfordshire abounds; and her mother did not even object to the proposal, though I informed her it would be impossible for us to return the same night. I had contrived to make Augustus acquainted with all my movements, as he had been at a small public house in the neighbourhood for several days; and it was settled that himself, and his man servant, should come in the evening to the inn where we intended to sleep.

Caroline was highly gratified with our day's excursion; but towards the close, complained of fatigue; and throwing herself upon a sofa in a languishing attitude, actually invited me to her arms. This, however, would have defeated the measures I intended to practise. I immediately ordered supper, and the lady soon retired: I followed, upon the chamber-maid informing me I might be admitted; whilst Augustus and his servant were stationed at the door. Scarcely had I enclosed my arms round the frail fair one, when the enraged Augustus burst into the room; and though the plan had been pre-concerted, his fury and indignation knew no bounds. The agitation of the *guilty Caroline* may easily be imagined; but neither tears or fits proved of the least avail. Augustus dispatched his servant with a letter to her mother, and ordering

ordering a post chaise, we instantly set off for town.

So imprudent had been her conduct, and so notorious was her mother's character, that there was not the slightest difficulty in procuring a divorce. Augustus generously offered to allow a hundred a year to her, on condition of her immediately retiring into Wales. This proposal the unprincipled girl indignantly rejected; and actually seemed to glory in her vice; for a nobleman of high rank, struck with the charms of her person, upon the divorce being obtained, offered to take her under his care.

The reader may easily imagine the delight which Augustus experienced, at having those fetters broken which *imprudence had bound*. On the wings of love he flew into Devonshire; and his marriage with Matilda was celebrated in the course of six months.

FEMALE GRACE AND PROPRIETY ILLUSTRATED.

ELIZA is really what writers have so often imagined; or rather, she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive. To say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general; but it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect; the tone of her voice is melodious; and she can neither look nor move, without expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence, she is unconscious of any, and thus heightens them all. She is modest, and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light. She has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy,

to misguide her: she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated, for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps, from her possessing, that very ignorance. The great characteristic of Eliza's understanding is taste; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say; and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiment, she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Eliza melancholy?—does she sigh?—every body is affected. They enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Eliza: they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, Eliza graces every company, and heightens the brillancy of courts; wherever she appears, all others seem, by a natural impulse, to feel her superiority; and yet, when she converses, she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before. She joins to the most scrupulous politeness, the most chearful gaiety, free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or aukward; for shame and aukwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often miscalled modesty; nay, to the most critical discernment, she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, and admirable effect of true superiority! By this silent unassuming merit, she over-awes the turbulent and the proud; and stops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noise, with which inferior natures, in superior stations, overwhelm the slavish and the mean. Yes, all admire, love and reverence Eliza. A.

ON AFFECTATION ARISING FROM A CONSCIOUSNESS OF BEAUTY.

——————if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.
SHAKESPEARE.

IT is a consideration that has no small weight with us in the execution of any undertaking, who the person is we are doing it for; who will be benefited by it; and who is to derive pleasure or profit from our performing it; and our alacrity in setting about, and expedition in accomplishing it, depends a great deal upon our being pleased with the nature of the service. The pleasure any one feels in the performance of an agreeable task, will apply to those who engage in the service of the fair; and when we commit our thoughts to writing, and dedicate the production to their patronage, the mind is insensibly pleased with reflecting, how many fair hands it may pass through, and how many radiant eyes may peruse it; unmindful (such is the partiality we entertain towards ourselves) how many may pass it over without notice, in search of something more fashionable, or more entertaining.

There is, nevertheless, great encouragement for those who convey their remarks in this way, instead of trusting to the opportunities personal intercourse may afford; which seldom, perhaps, meets with such impartial consideration; because the mind is naturally inclined to think well or ill of any thing, by the degree of regard in which the person is held who gives it; and what might be taken as well meant from one, might appear officious in another. All this is avoided, when it is our ideas only which are presented to view; as are also all those tedious formalities which are commonly observed before we leave our ceremonious faces, "and begin."

By this easy mode of address, the lover (his pen being animated by those impassioned emotions which glow in his breast) can softly plead with his mistress in her most secret retirement; may still, without any breach of propriety, be her constant companion: nay, the precious name of him she loves may be pressed with fervor to her lips, when the original would think himself happy to be permitted to touch her little finger; be suffered to have a place in her bosom, or lie on her pillow, when the writer is not admitted beyond the parlour or drawing-room. Considering, therefore, the pleasure connected with so agreeable an employ as writing what we hope will be perused by the eye of beauty, we cannot wonder at finding learned statesmen leave their grave disquisitions, to comment on a lady's smile; or give up, for a while, the adjusting of national concerns, to adjust the height of a lady's tucker.

It is of great consequence in the furthering any particular design, that we seize upon a lucky moment, since we are then most likely to succeed. Should any fair lady, as the subject of her morning's contemplation, be considering what peculiar mode of dress she shall assume in the course of the day, the better to engage the eyes of admiring beaus; and, for the furtherance of so important an object, consult the plate of fashions which adorns the pages of the Lady's Museum; it is not impossible that, this point settled, she may be induced to search further: should these lines then engage her attention, I shall consider the success I above alluded to, as in some degree my own, since the few remarks I have in contemplation, may be considered as most applicable, before the labors of the toilet commence. Not that I would have any fair reader here imagine, that I have invented any new fashion to submit to their consideration; but would beg leave to call their attention to an object not unworthy of their notice, since

since they may be assured, that when the operations of the toilet are completed, when

"The fair each moment rises in her charms,
"Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
"And calls forth all the wonders of her face,

it will even then have the power to confer additional beauty.

When native loveliness appears thus adorned by every heightening charm which invention and art can bestow, it is then, doubtless, that it appears to the greatest advantage; nor can it be supposed probable, that of a qualification so universally admired, the fair possessor herself should remain ignorant. Mallet's description of Emma, who,

"Though by all a wonder own'd,
"Yet knew not she was fair,"

though it sets before us a beautiful picture of unconsciousness of beauty, was, perhaps, only the coinage of the poet's brain; or, at least, it may be said to be a character unparalleled amongst the more knowing fair ones who grace the age we live in; and, indeed, it can hardly be expected, that those who possess beauty, should remain unconscious of it, when so many are ready to tell them what they themselves find no difficulty in believing.

What I chiefly have in view by these remarks, is, to enforce upon the minds of the fair, more especially those to whom Nature has been lavish of her gifts, the great additional charm their beauty will receive, if they themselves manifest, by their deportment, a seeming unconsciousness of it. I am inclined to think, if it was duly considered, how much this *beautifies* beauty, it would not be so common as it is, to see it accompanied by such assuming manners, as seem to bespeak, in every look and gesture, the high opinion they entertain of their own

charms; and a desire to shew every one, that whoever overlooks them, they themselves do not.

If rightly considered, it is surely the greatest advantage attached to beauty, that those who possess it, may, by an apparent disregard of it, prove it is accompanied by good sense; manifest they have greatness of mind sufficient to know, that, pleasing and enchanting as beauty is, there is yet no real credit attaches to them; since it was not by any attainments or endeavours of their own, that they were fair: nay, I am convinced, that, in a mind of sensibility, so far from producing haughtiness, or any affected airs of superiority, it will rather produce those grateful emotions in the heart, which will be delineated with encreased beauty in the countenance, on reflecting, that while so many have to contend with the disadvantages of deformity, and an unpleasing exterior, they have had bestowed on them those charms which create pleasing emotions in every heart, and causes every beholder's eye to sparkle with delight.

It would be a natural suggestion to suppose, that those who make it appear evident, in what high estimation they hold their own qualifications, would be found bestowing every thing upon them to heighten their effect; and this, indeed, will be observed to be the case with regard to outward decorations; unmindful, that when Nature and Art are thus united to charm, they may entirely lose their effect, unless accompanied by pleasing manners; in the same degree that the most beautiful villa, adorned with every expensive ornament to encrease its natural beauty, would yet produce an unpleasing sensation in beholding it, if we knew the possessor of it was proud and supercilious, unfeeling and arrogant: and, to continue the metaphor further, we should behold a dwelling with pleasure, that had nothing but neatness and simplicity to recommend it, if we knew that under its humble roof, hospitality, and every benevolent virtue, were daily exercised.

The

The folly of appearing vain or affected, because endowed with some degree of beauty, will appear, if we reflect, that it conveys a kind of tacit acknowledgment, that, from its being ever uppermost in our thoughts, it is the greatest ornament we have to boast of; that the faculties of the mind, formed for such noble purposes, and capable of such improvements, are totally absorbed in the contemplation of so fleeting a possession as beauty,—which may, alas! from particular circumstances of misfortune or disease, suddenly vanish—which we are sure, in the course of a few years, must be given up for the furrows and wrinkles of age; leaving us, when too late, to repent, that we had not at a more early period endeavoured to acquire those mental accomplishments, which would have enlivened our youth, have heightened the charms of maturity, and rendered our declining years dignified and respected.

To bestow, therefore, more pains upon decorating the body than cultivating the mind, must surely appear impolitic in the highest degree; since beauty, however unadorned, will always charm: every eye will discover it, without our taking pains to render it conspicuous; whilst mental qualifications, like gold hid in the mine, can neither be seen or admired, till labor and industry have exposed them to our view.

To those who can happily unite the possession of beauty, with the knowledge that it can afford no real ground for vanity or affectation, it will be only seen to produce a pleasing complacency in the features, totally distinct from every thing of self-admiration: while to those who are considering it as their greatest recommendation, and possibly thinking they need no other, it may, indeed, have something of the same effect; but this complacency will be of no longer duration, than while it is supposed the adoration due to such superior charms is duly paid; and thus to minds vain on account of beauty, every attention paid to another, not, perhaps, equally favored,

will be deemed a neglect of themselves. In this view, a beautiful face may be compared to a smooth sea, whose surface will be ruffled by the slightest breath of wind. This, by producing vexation and peevishness, will entirely annihilate those pleasing sensations which beauty naturally excites, and make it fail in a comparison with those, who, without the same personal advantages, render themselves infinitely agreeable, by the enchanting effect which good-humored and unaffected manners always produce. The pleasure arising from this, will be of a far more lasting kind, than mere symmetry of features can excite; which, when once overcast with the clouds of ill-humor, loses all its charms—like the face of nature, which, when irradiated by clear sunshine, enlivens and exhilirates the imagination of those who behold it; but should dark clouds suddenly obscure it, though we still behold the same woods, and fields, and flowers, they have lost their delightful influence.

After all, the pleasure arising from beauty alone, can be but fleeting, both to those who possess it, and those who behold it: it is the light in which we view it, that gives beauty its true effect, and even produces it in the imagination, where the reality does not exist. The man who relieves us from sudden distress, and restores us to plenty and happiness, however harsh his features, the contemplation of them will fill us with gratitude and delight: the culprit anxiously expecting every minute will produce an order for his execution, should a reprieve or pardon be pronounced to him even by a ferocious turnkey, his features would, doubtless, appear to him to beam with benevolence, and his voice seem harmonious as the sweetest music; and in the same proportion the most exquisite beauty will produce but a transient admiration, unless aided by those engaging and endearing qualities, which exalt the character, and adorn human nature.

February, 1804. HENRICUS.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF DONNA MARIA GAETANA AGNESI,

Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy in the University of BOLOGNA;

Author of the celebrated Work, intitled INSTITUZIONI ANALYTICHE, (ANALYTICAL INSTITUTIONS.)

WE give this article as a refutation of the arguments of those who maintain, that great talents are exclusively bestowed on men; and who allege, that women have, in no instance, given proofs of original and inventive powers, of a capacity for patient research, or profound investigation. Let those, says our author, who hold these opinions, endeavour to follow the writer of the Analytical Institutions through the long series of demonstrations, which she has contrived with so much skill, and explained with such elegance and perspicuity: If they are *able* to do so, and to compare her work with others of the same kind, they will probably retract their former opinions, and acknowledge that, in one instance at least, intellectual powers of the highest order have been lodged in the breast of a woman. And if they are *not able*, they will not, of course, see the reasons for admiring her genius that others do, but they may learn to think modestly of their own.

A great and excellent mathematician of her own country, has declared her Analytical Institutions to be a most elegant and ingenious work, and, undoubtedly, the noblest of the kind that ever proceeded from a female pen. It was published in 1748, and has lately been translated into English.

It is a matter of great regret, that, of the history of so extraordinary a person, but few particulars are to be obtained; the principal, and of undoubted authenticity, are contained in the following extract from the President de Brosse's Letters from Italy, which call to mind the marvellous stories that are told

told of the *Admirable* CREIGHTON, well known to every reader of that agreeable collection, the Pleasing Instructor.

De Brosses, in passing through Milan, (about the year 1740,) was carried to a *converzatione*, on purpose to meet Signora Agnesi, whom he describes as a young lady about eighteen or twenty, who, though she could hardly be called handsome, had a fine complexion, with an air of great simplicity, softness, and female delicacy.

"There were (says he) about thirty people in the room, many of them from different countries in Europe, who formed a circle round the lady, and a little sister who accompanied her. The Count Belloni addressed her in a fine Latin speech, with the formality of a college declamation. She answered with great readiness and ability in the same language; and they then entered into a disputation (still in Latin) on the origin of fountains, and on the causes of the ebbing and flowing which is observed in some of them like the tides in the sea. She spoke on this subject like an angel, and I never heard it treated in a manner that gave me more satisfaction.

"The Count then desired me to enter with her on the discussion of any other subject I chose, provided that it was connected with mathematics or natural philosophy. After making the best apology I could to the Lady for my want of sufficient skill in the Latin language, to make me worthy of conversing in it with her, we entered, first, on the manner in which the impressions made on the senses by corporeal objects are communicated to the brain, or general sensorium; and afterwards on the propagation of light, and the prismatic colors. Another of the company then discoursed with her on the transparencies of bodies, and on curvilinear figures in geometry, of which last I did not understand a word.

She spoke wonderfully well on all these subjects; though she could not have been prepared beforehand, any more than we were. She is much attached

to

to the philosophy of Newton; and it is marvellous to see a person of her age so conversant with such abstruse subjects. Yet, however much I was surprized at the extent and depth of her knowledge, I was still more amazed to hear her speak Latin with such purity, ease, and accuracy, that I do not recollect any book in modern Latin written in so classical a style as that in which she pronounced these discourses. The conversation afterwards became general, every one speaking in the language of his own country, and she answering in the same language; for her knowledge of languages is prodigious. She told me she was sorry that the conversation of this visit had taken so much the formal turn of an *academical disputation*, and that she very much disliked speaking on such subjects in numerous companies, where, for one that was amused, twenty were probably tired to death. I was sorry to hear that she intended to go into a convent, and take the veil; not from want of fortune, for she is rich; but from a religious and devout turn of mind, which disposes her to shun the pleasures and vanities of the world"

After her work of the *Instituzioni Analytiche* was published, she was made professor of mathematics and philosophy in the university of Bologna. But neither the admiration she every where met with, nor the entreaties of her friends, could prevent her from executing the resolution she had taken of secluding herself from the world. After the death of her father, she retired to a convent of *Blue Nuns*, remarkable for the austerity of its rules; and ended her days in one of those retreats in which mistaken piety has so often buried the charms and accomplishments, the virtues and the talents, which might have adorned and improved society. The fate of Pascal and Agnesi will remain a melancholy proof, that the most splendid abilities, and the highest attainments in literature and science, cannot always defend the mind against the inroads of superstition and fanaticism.

LETTER

LETTER

From D. HUME *to Sir* JOHN PRINGLE, M.D.

My dear Sir, *Edinburgh,* 10 *Feb.* 1773.

THAT the present Pretender was in London, in 1753, I know with the greatest certainty; because I had it from Lord Marechal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his Lordship gave me this information, he told me, that the evening before, he had learned several curious particulars from a Lady, (who I imagined to be Lady Primrose,) though my Lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room, when she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name: she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands, on seeing him; but she had presence of mind enough to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the Prince's picture which hung on the chimney-piece, in the very room in which he entered. My Lord added, (I think from the authority of the same Lady,) that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in day-light in his own dress, only laying aside his blue ribband and star; walked once through St. James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

About five years ago, I told this story to Lord Holderness, who was Secretary of State in the year 1753; and I added, that, I supposed this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his Lordship. "By no means," said he. "And who do you think told it me? It was the King himself; who subjoined, "And what

do

do you think, my Lord, I should do with him?" Lord Holderness owned that he was puzzled how to reply; for if he declared his real sentiments, they might savour of indifference to the Royal Family. The King perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it, by adding, "My Lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England, he will go abroad again." I think this story, for the honor of the late King, ought to be more generally known.

But what will surprise you more, Lord Marechal, a few days after the coronation of the present King, told me, that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the shew of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my Lord the reason of this strange fact. "Why, (says he,) a gentleman told me so that saw him there; and he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ear these words: "Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here." "It was curiosity that led me," said the other: "but I assure you (added he) that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence, is the man I envy the least." You see this story is so near traced from the fountain-head, as to wear a great face of probability. Query, what if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet? I find that the Pretender's visit in England in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites; and some of them have assured me, that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand, and that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the Court of Rome. I own I am a Sceptic with regard to the last particular.

Lord Marechal had a very bad opinion of this unfortunate Prince, and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious, of which he was not capable;

of which he gave me several instances. My Lord, though a man of great honor, may be thought a discontented Courtier; but what quite confirmed me in that idea of that Prince, was a conversation I had with Helvetius at Paris, which I believe I have told you. In case I have not, I shall mention a few particulars. That gentleman told me, that he had no acquaintance with the Pretender; but some time after that Prince was chased out of France, "a letter (said he) was brought me from him, in which he told me, that the necessity of his affairs obliged him to be at Paris; and, as he knew me by character to be a man of the greatest probity and honor in France, he would trust himself to me, if I would promise to conceal and protect him. I own, (added Helvetius to me,) although I knew the danger to be greater of harbouring him at Paris than at London; and although I thought the family of Hanover, not only the lawful Sovereign of England, but the only lawful Sovereign in Europe, as having the full and free consent of the people; yet was I such a dupe to his flattery, that I invited him to my house; concealed him there, going and coming, near two years; had all his correspondence pass through my hands; met with his partizans upon Pont-Neuf; and found at last, that I had incurred all this danger and trouble for the most unworthy of all mortals; insomuch, that I have been assured, that when he went down to Nantz to embark on his expedition to Scotland, he took fright, and refused to go on board; and his attendants thinking the matter gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him in the night-time into the ship. I asked him if he meant literally: "Yes, (said he,) literally: they tied him, and carried him by main force. What think you now of this Hero and Conqueror?" Both Lord Marechal and Helvetius agree, that, with all this strange character, he was no bigot, but rather had learned from the philosophers at Paris, to affect

a contempt

a contempt of all religion. You must know that both these persons thought they were ascribing to him an excellent quality. Indeed, both of them used to laugh at me, for my narrow way of thinking in those particulars. However, my dear Sir John, I hope you will do me the justice to acquit me.

I doubt not but these particulars will appear curious to Lord Hardwick, to whom you will please to present my respects. I suppose his Lordship will think this unaccountable mixture of temerity and timidity, in the same character, not a little singular.

I am yours, &c. &c.

DAVID HUME.

A LETTER

From the celebrated MR. CHEEKE, 1549, *to* MRS. PENELOPE PIE, *Daughter of* SIR WILLIAM PIE.

[From the Nugæ Antiquæ.]

(Continued from page 197)

THESE respects lay these duties upon you: that you open your purposes to them; that you be advised, and ruled by them, according to your father's meaning. The way to do this to your benefit is, to consider that your father's said friends are of two sorts; some that wish you well, and have care of you by affection; and others that have also special charge of you by your father's commission. Of those that love you for your father's sake, the number is great; some honorable, some worshipful, some of meaner calling, and all ready to do you good, and glad to hear well of you. They are to be used as good-will deserveth, as kindness requireth, and as consideration of your own benefit, to be taken of their aid and friendship, adviseth.

Of those that have charge of, or for you, by your father's appointment, there are also two sorts:—The one are those that have the government of your

person, the regard of your bestowing, and the administration of the good that he hath liberally left you; I mean your father's executors; the others are those to whom your father hath in confidence for you assured his lands, with such conditions and further limitations as in the conveyance thereof, in due form of law passed, more plainly may appear; wherein your chief benefit dependeth upon your own good government, being yet so restrained by your father's policy for your safety, that you have not choice left to the frailty of your own mind, but wholly to the stay and advice of others. Now, touching your father's executors and your governors, it is to be noted, that they be chosen out of your father's dearest friends. They be known most honest gentlemen, christianly affected for religion, and therefore, for conscience, will deal truly with you. They pertain to nobility in their birth and place, and therefore will have regard thereof for you, and of their own credit for themselves in your own bestowing. They are wise, and therefore you may trust that they will foresee to your profit. They are loving to you, and of friendly usage; therefore you shall have no cause to hasten the change of your state, till you be fully sure of a better. They have great charge of you, and much importing their conscience, and their good fame and reputation; and therefore will not forget to think of you in good time, that they may be disburdened. They are of sufficient state and honor, therefore they need not to make any merchandize or profit of you. They are well assisted with strong overseers and friends; and therefore they will be careful to acquit themselves with well-doing, and careless of the power of any to contend against their good meaning. They are four, having joint power and not several, and therefore are both surer for you against corruptions, and stronger against unprofitable practices.

Touching

Touching your father's feoffees, some are honorable, some are worshipful; all are esteemed honest, and all are such as will precisely follow your father's meaning. These are your comforts in these special friends.

Now these are your duties thereby: that you be governed by them; that you observe the conditions of your father's meaning; that you be so ruled, ordered, and bestowed, that you may have the profit, and you with them, honor, worship, and comfort. The means for you to do this, is, that you remember this charge that is committed of your government; and your great loss if you fail in the said conditions.

Be you wholly careless of your bestowing, as a thing not pertaining to you, till it be brought you orderly; give yourself only to virtuous exercises, that the good fame of your own person, may give furtherance to your governors to make your bargain with the best, which shall be, if these things concur to advance the value of you; your father's provision of goods and living, your own storing yourself with good conditions, your fame thereby to move the worthiest to desire you, and your friends wisdom and diligence to judge the meetest for you. Beware that you so order yourself in the principal point, that you give no impediment to their good provision for your bestowing. In that they are not only your father's friends, but also in some sort, in law, they bear your father's person; you must account yourself to them as dear, and therefore must, to them, be as obedient as the natural child. In that they are honest, you must frame yourself to the same virtues, and beware of dishonest practices, which you shall know by this mark:—If they speak or move any thing to you, which you in your conscience shall think they would not, or durst not, speak or move in the open hearing of all your governors together. And let that be to you a special note; for such may move such matter, as, being hearkened

to, may, by forfeiture undo you; and in this point, remember to use the familiarity, company, and attendance of such as the good account made of them may add to, and not abate from, your own good estimation. In respect that your governors are of worshipful calling, as your father was, have you a great regard to the like state; and to such qualities as may beseem the same; whereof your father was a noble president, both for war and peace, in valiantness and in learning, in armour and in books, and in the singular order of them both. He in the special, express words of his will, for preferring both library and armory, with other circumstances, we will not say, hath directly pointed to, but he hath, at least, plainly pointed out the manner of man that he hath wished, and such as they accordingly will provide for you. In that they are wise, remember you to take the fruit of their wisdom. What match soever you shall like of, let them rule the whole form of bargain for your advancement in living, the assurance to your children, and otherwise, which you shall be able to do, if you keep yourself free till they have concluded; or else not: for he that holdeth you once intangled, will descend to no covenants but as he listeth for himself, and not as shall be advised for you. Besides, that unwisely you lose your own wholly, if you neglect their counsel. In that you know they will be careful that they may be speedily disburdened, learn you to leave the care to them, and to sit quiet and discharged of care, to make any haste without them. In that they have no need of yours, hold you assured, whatsoever they all together shall do for your marriage, they do it wholly for you. And this only for themselves, that they may have acquittal towards God, and your father, worship toward the world, and comfort to their own consciences, by their sincere doing with you; and therefore you must boldly rest upon them, and do nothing without them. In that they are so strongly

strongly assisted, you must gather trust that they be able to defend you; that they shall not dare to deal corruptly, nor fear to do uprightly. In that they are four, and have joint charge, you must hearken to the advice and consent of all, and learn of them all, who now are all in one stead of your father, what they all shall deliver you for direction, as your father's meanings. In that your father hath appointed you education and custody in one place, you must gather, that so wise and loving a father did not so for nothing, nor made that special choice rashly, or to no purpose (nor to any other purpose) than both for some special great good, and some special certain note to you; which we leave to the working of God by his good disposing of your own heart, and consent of your said friends; and do wish you to pray to God to reveal to you your father's intentions, to frame your own affections, and to apply the agreeing counsel of your governors.

Touching your father's feoffees, in confidence of the lands prepared for you, remember they are your father's trusty friends. Better friends than your father chose, we think you shall never find.

Be bold therefore to use and trust them: but, withal, remember their confidence is, in your father's deeds, bound to a precise form of your good government, which if you break, they cannot help you: and the rather, for that the remainders after you are such as will carry favour against you. Remember also one special thing, that in defence of the title against such as may be grieved with your preferment, and their own rejection, and thereby move trouble; the favour that you may win by your virtues, that shall give help to your right: and matters of misliking, or untowardness, may bring you much hinderance and other peril, and great pity and furtherance to the other side.

We will recite no other disadvantages and perils, that may arise by contrary advices against your fa-

ther's meaning; for we be loth to remember them, and we have much better hope of you.

Thus much we have of good-will to pursue towards you, out of affection to your father, whose ornament we heartily wish you to be. To good purpose, we trust, this shall succeed with your wise taking and well following; whereof we shall have our part of joy: or at the least, if it fall otherwise, we shall carry the discharge of honest and true friends;—and, Mrs. Pie, as we have begun, so shall you ever find us diligent and careful to foresee and travail for your profit, (while you shall remain virtuous and worthy of your father,) and ever plain, true, and faithful to advise and inform you; desirous to have your father's fame honored in you; ourselves to carry comfort to have been of the chosen friends of so excellent a man as your father, and to see the fruit of our honest advices, in a virtuous and happy gentlewoman, his daughter. God keep you in his loving fear! God guide you, and bless you!

ON PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

CHARACTERS enervated by Prosperity, feel the smallest inconvenience as a serious calamity; and, unable to bear the touch of rude and violent hands, require to be treated, like young and tender flowers, with delicacy and attention; while those who have been educated in the rough school of Adversity, walk over the thorns of life with a firm and intrepid step, and kick them from the path with indifference and contempt. Superior to the false opinions and prejudices of the world, they bear with patient fortitude the blow of misfortune, disregard all trifling injuries, and look down with proud contempt on the malice of their enemies, and the infidelity of their friends.

Z.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

March 13.

TO-night, a new Farce, entitled *The Counterfeit*, was performed for the first time, the principal characters of which were as follows:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Governor,	Mr. POWELL.
Colonel Ormond,	Mr. HOLLAND.
Squeezeall,	Mr. CHERRY.
Simon,	Mr. PURSER.
Dizzy,	Mr. COLLINS.
Addle,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Palmira,	Mrs. SPARKES.
Letitia Harcourt,	Mrs. HARLOWE.
Betsy,	Miss TYRER.
Nancy,	Mrs. BLAND.
Jenny,	Mrs. SCOT.

The *Governor* of one of our settlements in the East Indies has a large estate, entrusted to the care of *Squeezeall*, an attorney, his agent. *Squeezeall* is a dashing, rattling fellow; and the *Governor*, being apprised of his misconduct, gives *Colonel Ormond*, who is about to return to England, a power of attorney, to supersede *Squeezeall*, as his agent. On his voyage to Europe, the *Colonel* is taken by the enemy; but his servant *Addle* escapes, bringing with him the power of attorney, and certain papers directed to *Squeezeall*, which he secures.

On his return, *Addle* presents a letter from the *Governor* to *Squeezeall*, who mistakes *Addle* for the *real Colonel Ormond*, which suggests to him the idea of assuming the character of his master to get possession of the estate. This he accomplishes; and

Squeezeall

Squeezeall afterwards joins with him in future schemes of dissipation and folly; but while indulging in their frolics, the *Governor* returns from India to England, who is immediately apprised, by his steward, of the excesses committed by the supposed *Colonel Ormond*.

The *Governor*, mortified at the conduct of his friend, is considering what steps he shall pursue, when the *real Colonel Ormond* is announced, and they have an interview. The *Governor*, imagining him to be the culprit he is described, receives him coldly; an equivoque follows, and a challenge is the consequence.

The *Colonel* having quitted the room, *Letitia Harcourt*, who follows him from India, and who is dressed as an officer, introduces herself to the *Governor* as such, and says that she is come to England to revenge the wrongs of her neglected sister. She complains of *Ormond*'s conduct, who, from calling at *Addle*'s, she supposes refused to see her. The *Governor*, knowing the family, confides to the supposed Captain the duel in which he is engaged, and gives her a letter, directed to *Ormond*, to settle the preliminaries, but which is delivered, through mistake, to the *fictitious Colonel*. The letter having reached the *counterfeit Ormond*, he communicates it to *Squeezeall;* and the latter stimulates him to the conflict with the challenger, whom the attorney does not know, because the letter has no signature. The parties at length meet with pistols: Great confusion, and numberless mistakes, are the consequence; but the mystery is at length disclosed by the appearance of *Colonel Ormond*, who recognizes, in the *Governor*'s antagonist, his servant.

The complete exposure of *Squeezeall*, and the great contrition of *Addle*, appear manifest: and the piece concludes with the union of the lovers, and the reconciliation of the *Governor* and the *Colonel*.

This

This is a lively, bustling farce. The greater part of the incidents arise out of the characters of *Squeezeall* and *Addle*. They are almost always in the scene; and as they have a good deal of comic humour, they kept up the vivacity of the piece with great success. There was another character, which, though he has not much to do, contributed considerably to produce this effect. This was *Dizzy*, an old deaf clerk of the attorney. The mistakes he commits from his deafness frequently raised a laugh. Some very good scenes are occasioned by *Addle*'s assuming the name of his master. That which possessed the most genuine humour is, when *Addle*, seeing a rustic servant hand his wine on the wrong side, compels him and the other servants to be seated, and shews them how to hand the wine properly. The whole of this character BANNISTER played most admirably. It possessed all that *naivété* in which this actor is so happy, whenever his character gives him an opportunity. The parts of *Squeezcall* and *Dizzy* were exceedingly well played by CHERRY and COLLINS.

The music of this piece is very pleasing. Mrs. BLAND and Miss TYRER had a duet, which was justly encored. Mrs. HARLOWE deserves to be mentioned for the very sweet manner in which she played *Letitia Harcourt*. The piece was received with warm applause throughout; and announced for a second representation, with general approbation. The house was extremely crowded. Many persons of distinction were both in the public and private boxes.

This farce is the production of Mr. FRANKLIN.

COVENT GARDEN.

March 8.

TO-night, a new musical after-piece, intitled *The Paragraph*, was brought out at this Theatre, of which the following are the principal characters:

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Toppit - - - - - - - - -	Mr. MUNDEN.
Frank Toppit, his Nephew, - -	Mr. FAWCETT.
Fieldair, an Apothecary, - -	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Herbert, Nephew to Fieldair, -	Mr. BRAHAM.
Sir George Rattle, Fashionable	Mr. CLAREMONT.
Major Yawn, Friends of	Mr. SIMMONS.
Baron Bias, Frank Toppit,	Mr. KLANERT.
Solomon, Mr. Toppit's Steward,	Mr. EMERY.
Jervis, Clerk to Frank Toppit, -	Mr. DAVENPORT.
Mrs. Toppit, - - - - - -	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Eliza, Frank Toppit's Sister, - -	SIG. STORACE.

The following is the story of this piece:

Frank Toppit, a young tradesman, being ruined by the vanity of keeping fashionable and expensive company, proposes to apply to his uncle, *Mr. Toppit*, who has been some time retired into the country, and is there become a complete valetudinarian. He forms a party of pleasure to visit his uncle on the occasion, and is ready to set out, when he reads in the newspaper an account of his death; which has been inserted by *Eliza*, *Frank*'s sister, with a good-humoured design to frighten her uncle out of his constant habits of taking physic. This does not alter *Frank*'s scheme of taking his party to *Toppit*'s villa; and he accordingly sends an express to *Solomon*, the steward, with orders to prepare a dinner in style, and to give strict injunctions that no mention may be made of his uncle's having formerly been in trade. *Solomon*, an honest, affectionate servant, brings the letter to his master, who, exasperated by his nephew's vanity, resolves on mortifying him, by resuming the character of his first employment, which was that of a vintner; making his house pass for an inn, and bringing in the dinner in person. This produces the desired effect; *Frank*'s fashionable friends leave him; and *Toppit*, having sufficiently punished his folly, promises to return with him to town, and to adjust his affairs.

Eliza, having confessed herself the cause of the confusion which has taken place, obtains her uncle's pardon, at the intercession of *Dr. Fieldair*, (a benevolent apothecary;) and also his consent to give her hand to *Herbert*, *Fieldair*'s nephew, who has long been attached to her.

This farce, which we understand to be the production of Mr. HOARE, is of a very pleasant kind. There is no attempt at novelty in the characters; but some of them are drawn so as to give occasion to very good acting. *Mr. Toppit*, the valetudinarian, though a copy, is whimsical. It owed, however, a good deal of its effect to Mr. MUNDEN's aid. There is less in the part of *Frank Toppit*. But Mr. FAWCETT had a song in it that was greatly applauded. It has, indeed, much comic merit. It is what *Frank Toppit* calls, in cross reading, sonata, being an air made of supposed cross readings of a newspaper. This character was most admirably played. EMERY had the part of a country servant, *Solomon*; and no one excels this actor in rustic characters. *Dr. Fieldair* is a country apothecary, who cures his patients by working them on a farm he has. He has wood to sell, he says, sawed out by ladies who had got the rheumatism by leaving off stays, and going with their arms and shoulders bare. Such of his patients as are weak, he sends to hold the plough; and such as are strong, to draw it. This character is faintly made out, but not ill imagined.

The music of this piece is by BRAHAM, and is extremely beautiful. Almost every song was encored. The duet "By the gentle vows of love" is exquisite, both in the composition and singing. It is sung by STORACE and BRAHAM.

The success of this farce was very great. It was given out for a second night, amidst general and loud applause. The house was crowded.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

UNDRESS.

Cambric Biggin, to sit close to the Head; Lace full round the Face; trimed with Lilac Crape. Pink Sarcenet wrap Robe. A Crape Handkerchief, to tie close to the Neck.

WALKING DRESSES.

1. Cap of Buff Satin; White Veil twisted round the Front; one End to hang down on the left Side; a Bunch of Roses in Front. Round Dress of Buff Muslin, the Body made quite Plain, very low in the Back, and over the Bosom; a Lace Tucker drawn across the Bosom. White Tippet.

2. Spanish Hat of Purple Velvet, turned up in Front, and ornamented with Feathers of the same Colour. Robe of White Satin. Indian Shawl. Buff Gloves; Silver Bear Muff.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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The Apollonian Wreath.

THE NEGRO'S LAMENT.

A NEGRO, doom'd, by man's unjust decree,
To drink the bitter cup of slavery,
Lay stretch'd on earth—his daily task being o'er,
Ended, when wearied Nature could no more.

Yet while his weary limbs were laid at rest,
Deep sighs bespoke the sorrows of his breast.
As from his lips these mournful accents broke,
The breezes murmur'd to the words he spoke.

" O happy days! which once this bosom knew,
" When o'er my head the joyous minutes flew!
" Why will the sad remembrance still intrude
" With vain delusions of unreal good?

" When overcome with toil, I wearied lay,
" And round my head the gentle breezes play,
" Then once-known scenes before mine eyes appear,
" And cause the bursting sigh—the unavailing tear.

" The earth, from whence my painful labor springs,
" To recompense me, round her odour flings;
" With moss and flowers my lowly couch adorns—
" Alas! to me it seems a bed of thorns!

" How joyous have I ris'n to view the sun
" Dispel the mists that on the mountains hung!
" Ne'er shall I hail its glad approach again,
" 'Tis now a summons but to grief and pain.

" Yon moon, which us'd to shine in radiance clear,
" Seems dimly through the fleecy clouds to steer;
" Yet its pale beams give light enough to see,
" That nought but woe and darkness dwell with me.

" Ah! what avails it that once, first in fame,
" My prowess made e'en rav'nous tigers tame!
" Or that this arm could guide the flying spear,
" To stop the lion in his dread career!

" How have I lov'd to chace him through the woods!
" And urge his course amidst the rapid floods!
" Or from an ambush shoot the fatal dart,
" And strike the shaggy ruffian to the heart!

" Then spent with toil, to stretch beneath the trees,
" And hail with fresh'ning lungs the cooling breeze;
" Till when fresh vigor every nerve had strung,
" Again to range the woods and fields among.

" And when Night's sable hue wrapt all in shade,
" To view my hut, through the dim light survey'd;
" Or see my love advance with eager pace,
" Joy in her eyes, and welcome in her face.

" My love! methinks I see thee stretch those eyes
" To find the distant spot where Yarhoo lies—
" In vain you look—far lies the distant shore,
" Too far for thee to see thy Yarhoo more.——"

Here tears of sorrow fill'd the Negro's eyes,
His voice was stifled with increasing sighs.
Ah! hapless slave! when Death shall end thy woe,
Thy griefs will end—thy tears will cease to flow.

Islington, Feb. 1804. W. W.

BURLESQUE IMPROMPTU.

AMUSING himself with a fig,
An elderly gentleman sat,
And over his head was his wig,
And over his wig was his hat!!!

J. P. H.

INVOCATION TO APOLLO.

I.

HAIL, Music's sov'reign King!
Teach ev'ry voice to sing
Rapturous strains!
Let thy celestial fire
Each tuneful breast inspire,
While thro' the gen'ral choir
Harmony reigns!

II.

Come, and assist our tongues,
Then shall our grateful songs
Swiftly arise;
Fill'd with the sacred flame,
Each with united aim,
Then shall resound thy name
Lord thro' the skies!

III.

Music, with heav'nly charms,
Sorrow and pain disarms,
Pow'rful and sweet:—
Let the dull soul despise
Music's seraphic joys,
But we will ever prize
Bliss so complete.

IV.

Orpheus and Sappho knew,
And St. Cecilia too,
Music's delights;
So shall our hearts, like them,
Meaner delights contemn,
While this celestial gem
Sweetly invites.

V.

Hail, great Apollo, hail!
Oh, may thy pow'r prevail
Hence evermore!
Wide may thy reign extend,
Boundless, and without end,
And ev'ry mortal bend
Thee to adore!

WINTER.

[From Mrs. Le Noir's *Village Anecdotes*, just published.]

WHAT tho' for thee no warbler sings,
What tho' for thee no zephyrs blow?
What tho' for thee no violet springs,
Nor chaplets bind thy hoary brow?

Yet I will bid thee welcome still,
To me no hateful, dreaded guest;
Boast Spring, or Summer, as they will,
Each owes to Winter half its zest.

Thy hand my sinews well can brace;
Light is my heart, my spirits gay;
With glowing cheek, and quicken'd pace,
Untir'd thro' rugged paths I stray.

What tho' no tender foliage deck
The rifled grove in vivid green,
Yet oft descried, through many a break,
The distant landscape smiles between.

The whirring covies near me rise,
The timid hares my footway cross;
And squirrels, with their sloe-black eyes,
Peep from their canopies of moss.

Fear not, ye tender, timorous race;
The harmless witness of your play
Ne'er would abridge your short-liv'd space,
Ne'er shall your secret haunts betray.

For lesser tenants of the grove
A small repast my hand shall deal,
And strew, as pensively I rove,
The robin's and the sparrow's meal.

Oft, too, some child of want severe,
Mocking with haws his thirsty lip,
Steals from my eye the ready tear,
And takes the offerings of my scrip.

Then with light step, and hunger keen,
Back to my rural home I haste,
And find, untainted with the spleen,
My sober meal, a rich repast.

With

With food enliven'd, not opprest,
When friendly chat begins to fail,
I take the author I love best,
And then my nobler mind regale.

And as still evening closes in,
With hearts united, cares at rest,
Tho' dark without, 'tis gay within;
We find no Winter in the breast.

SONNET TO HOPE.

HASTE! sweet nymph, celestial maid!
Whose smiles can solace ev'ry woe!
Haste! to thy fainting suppliant's aid,
Thy salutary balm bestow.

Quick, at thy sight, at once depart
Each boding fear that gnaws the heart,
And keen corroding Care;
Sadness lifts her languid eyes;
Anguish feels thy pow'r, and flies,
With conscience-struck Despair.

Then haste, sweet Hope! thy suppliant's sorrow
With thy soul-soothing influence heal;
Ah!—may the maid I love, to-morrow
A fond and mutual love reveal.

Liverpool,
January, 1804. U.

MADRIGAL,

TO MISS M———H.

BLUE-eyed charmer, freely give
To my prayer one balmy kiss;
Happy were I, might I live
On thy bosom lost in bliss.

While upon thy form I gaze,
Never more I'd quit the place;
There entranc'd I'd spend my days,
Fondly gazing on thy face.

While I view thy matchless charms,
Doting age may danger spy;
Yet, if Death's within thy arms,
There how gladly would I *die!*

WRITTEN on the MARRIAGE of a FRIEND.

BY MR. HACKETT.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame;
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears!—
ROGERS.

I.

THRO' the dulcet-swelling flute,
Breathe the mild, symphonious lay;
Add the gently-thrilling lute,
On this bright, connubial day!

II.

For the minstrel's magic art
Should with silver sweetness play,
Thrilling thro' each raptur'd heart,
Join'd on this delightful day.

III.

Pleasure trips her fairy-toe;—
Hark! her numbers lightly float,
And with soothing softness flow,
Breathing joy in ev'ry note!

IV.

See the bride's empurpled cheek,
Tints beyond the orient-sky;
Tho' her lips forbear to speak,
Yet, they yield the fervent sigh.

V.

Mark Alcanor's* lustrous eye,
More than ardor fires its ray:
Blest is he, and blest the tie,
Bound on this enchanting day!

VI.

Bright this dawn of love arose,
Chasing glooms and cares away;
May its ev'ning calmly close,
Gilt by sweet Reflection's ray!

Temple. VERSES

* The Bridegroom.

VERSES ON THE INVASION.

———Vincit amor patriæ.

WITH flutt'ring heart I try to rhime, I own,
Hoping your smiles, yet fearful of your frown:
Be fav'ring, ladies, to my loyal song,
Favor a poet, trying rhime so young,
Nor rashly censure that I mention here,
A cause, to every British bosom dear.
But first my verse our volunteers demand,
In arms prepar'd to guard their native land;
Soldiers, resolv'd to bravely stand, or fall;
Conquer, or nobly perish, one and all!
And as the *cause* their utmost zeal inspires,
The wish to meet the foe each bosom fires.
When fierce Invasion's cry was loudly told
By Gallia's despot, cruel, vain, and bold;
When haughty threats 'gainst England's peace were made,
And war arose, and hosts prepar'd t' invade,
Then was the strength of British lions found,
Then shouts of valor echoed all around;
Then num'rous armies on her shores were seen,
And fill'd the tyrant's breast with madd'ning spleen;
Then was our patriotism firm maintain'd,
The ruffian's plans cut off, his will restrain'd.
But why neglect the navy? those who serve
Their country bravest, chiefest praise deserve;
What coward heart, through terror weakly fails,
While brave Cornwallis spreads his conq'ring sails?
He who so oft the raging seas has dar'd,
Nor of contending elements afeard.
Ought we to shrink while Smith, our hero try'd,
Still braves, for England's good, the foaming tide?
His mention'd name strikes terror in the foe;
Him, Acre's walls, his more than equal shew;
My verse would fail me to describe the rest;
Of all her brave defenders prov'd the best.
Our seamen bravely will defend our coast,
And these alone defy the murd'rer's boast.
Yet, ere I end, my utmost thanks receive,
Ye warrior bands! sufficient none can give—
And long as Britons all together join,
T' o'ercome their foes, or die at Valor's shrine,
So long will England all her foes command,
And sure success and safety bless the land.

P—l—n, J. I.
Feb. 20th, 1804.

ON THE
DEATH OF A BELOVED FRIEND.

SINCE 'tis the will of all-disposing Heaven
To seize the boon its kinder hand had given,
Whether on earth thy friendly spirit rove,
'Midst the once happy sharers of thy love,
Scenes where thy virtues reign'd, thy talents shone,
And fond affection made each heart thy own,
Or bounding swift, hath wing'd its airy flight
To the pure regions of eternal light,
Look down, fair saint, and, ah, with pity, see
Where sad remembrance lifts each thought to thee.
Accept the heaving sigh, the trickling tear,
The last best off'rings of a heart sincere.
What tho' no costly hecatombs shall bleed,
Nor lengthen'd train in sable pomp succeed,
Yet shall the sweetest flowers thy grave adorn,
Wash'd by the freshest tears of dewy morn;
There shall each friend thy heavenly virtues made,
With pious dirge invoke thy gentle shade;
Like fragrant incense, the soft breath shall rise,
And smooth thy passage to thy kindred skies.
Serenely kind, ah, why did adverse fate
Grant such vast beauties, with so short a date!
E'er the stern sisters cut the vital thread,
I saw and kiss'd her, on the fatal bed,
Just as her gentle spirit took its flight,
And the faint eye-lids clos'd in endless night;
No strong convulsions shook her parting breath,
Nor tremor mark'd the cold approach of death.
Ah me! in this perplexing maze of fate,
This doubtful, wav'ring, erring, restless state,
Though guilt with swelling sails elate shall steer,
With pomp and pleasure down its full career;
Though worth like thine no pitying power shall save
From sickness, pain, and an untimely grave;
Yet, stay, rash mortal—nor presume to scan
By thy imperfect state, th' Almighty's plan—
Oh! censure not his sov'reign, boundless might,
But prostrate own "whatever is is right."
Judgment's the part of Heaven—submission mine;
We may lament, but we must not repine:
Each has his lot, (for so does Heaven ordain,)
His stated share of happiness or pain;
But mortals best its just commands fulfil,
When they enjoy the good, and patient bear the ill.

March, 1804. ANNA.

STANZAS TO FRANCES,

Occasioned by the Effect of her Voice upon the Author's Ear.

That strain again! it had a dying fall;
Oh, it came o'er mine ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets;
Stealing and giving odour.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHENCE, ah whence doth that dulcet sound obtain
Sweetness like that which doth salute mine ear?
Was it illusion, or some heavenly strain,
Which to this bosom can such rapture bear?

If it be true that o'er the fate of man
Spirits preside, and all our deeds survey,
Sure 'twas some voice divine—such only can
Such sweet emotions to this soul convey!

Then sing again, bright saint, that art so fair,
Whose voice is harmony, whose looks, divine—
Which ruling o'er my frail existence, are
Dearer than all the wealth of Plutus' mine!

February, 1804. S.

TO A LINNET.

SWEET linnet, perch'd on yonder spray,
Why so sprightly, why so gay?
Can thy cheering, warbling note,
Teeming from thy swelling throat,
Can it offer kind relief
To a mind o'erwhelm'd with grief?
Know'st thou not my love is fled,
Lost, or number'd with the dead?
Then, little cherub, leave thy tree,
Cease thy song, and mourn with me.
But if my anxious fears prove vain,
And I should see my love again,
Then I'll retreat to thy fond grove,
To hear thy tuneful songs of love.
I'll praise thee thro' the joyful day,
And oft revisit yonder spray.

G.

NEW CHARADE.

WHEN lively verdure clothes the smiling year,
And bounteous Autumn's blushing stores appear,
When woodland warblers swell melodious songs,
And glimmering twilight still the day prolongs,
Then ne'er expect my *first* to be your guest,
For then by distant regions 'tis caress'd.
But howling storms, that rend the midnight air,
The furious blast, the meteor's vivid glare,
Attend this symbol of a hoary age,
In dread array, a fearful equipage.
The beauteous features of the blooming fair,
To this so dreadful thing you may compare.
Bereft of all its self-defending pow'rs,
One element its beauties quick devours.
My *second* oft the darksome vaults distill,
It forms a part of ev'ry murm'ring rill:
When pallid grief excites your starting tears,
Tho' strange it seems, this on your cheek appears.
My *whole*, the first of all her tribe, is found,
With graceful arch, inclining tow'rds the ground.
When sprinkled with my *second*, in the vale,
The signet of the youthful year I hail:
Grac'd with a modest and dejected mien,
Sometimes my *whole* amidst my *first* is seen.

Correspondence, &c.

It is become necessary again to remind our Correspondents, that, unless postage is paid, their communications cannot be inserted. There are some whom we should be proud to exempt from the general rule; but, as the distinction cannot be pointed out, and would be invidious, we are obliged to adhere to it, or we should be subjected to a tax, indeed!

The "Adelbert" *of* Musiphilus *is received, and shall have a place in our next Number.*

Charades must have their answers sent along with them.

The "Sonnet to Mrs. S——" *wants distinctness and vigor.*

Translations and Imitations of Horace are so common, and have been so often attempted by our greatest names in poetry, that we dare not encourage I. I. *to be at the expence of sending* his.

Received too late for insertion in the present Number,—George, "On the Death of a young Lady,"—"Song," *by* Jos. Ayre,—"Sonnet," *by* Miss W,—G. B. "On the Death of his Brother,"—Mrs. P's "Lines to a Friend on her Birth-Day."—*We wish this lady had continued her* "Benevolent Rambles" *without intermission, till concluded; and we hope she will send her favors earlier in the month.*

We must also request the fair author of "Osborne Fitzroy" *to send her packet to the Publishers. Her last, though dated the 5th, did not reach us till the 23d of the month, to the great inconvenience of the Printer.*

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Madame &c.

Mrs Orby Hunter.

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